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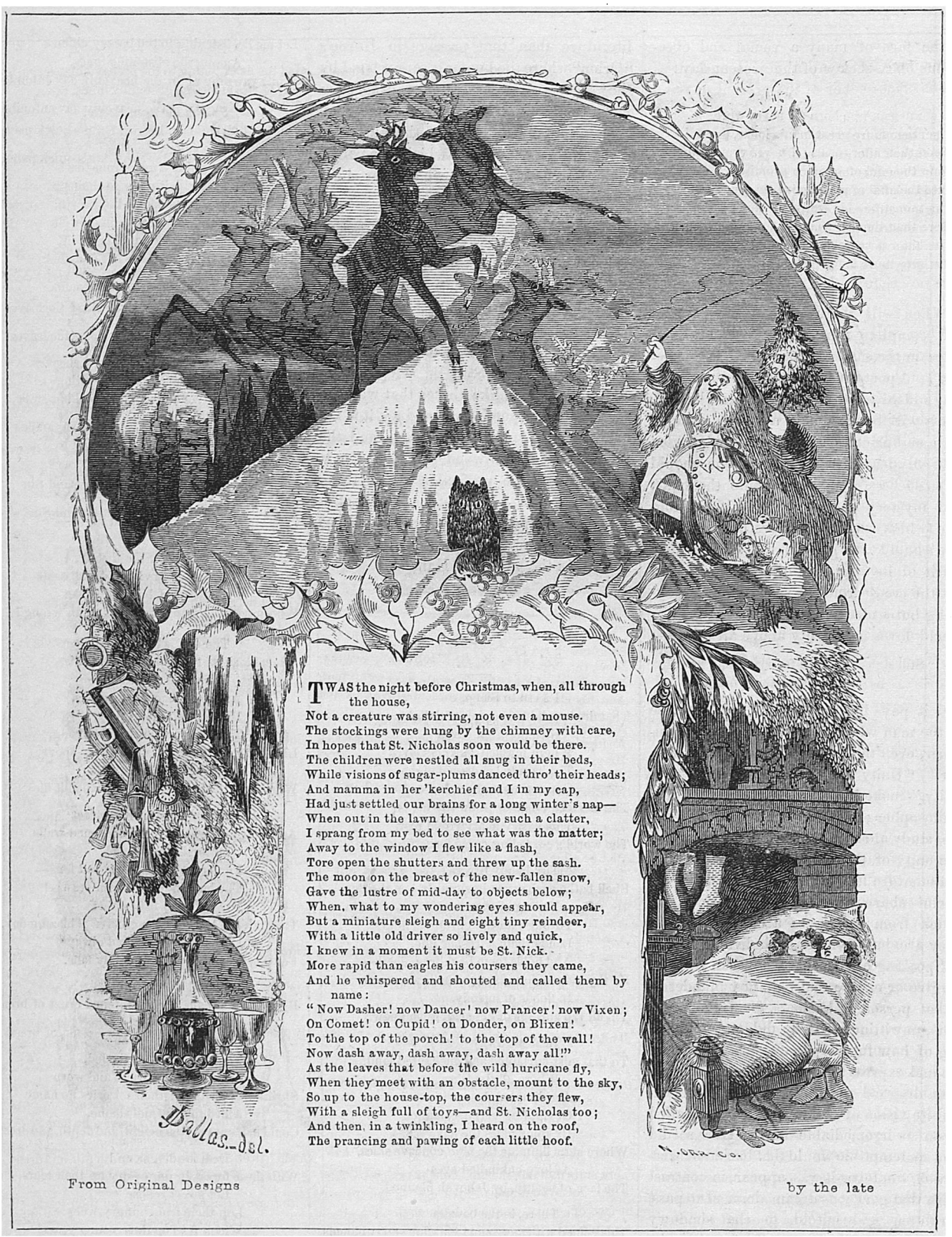
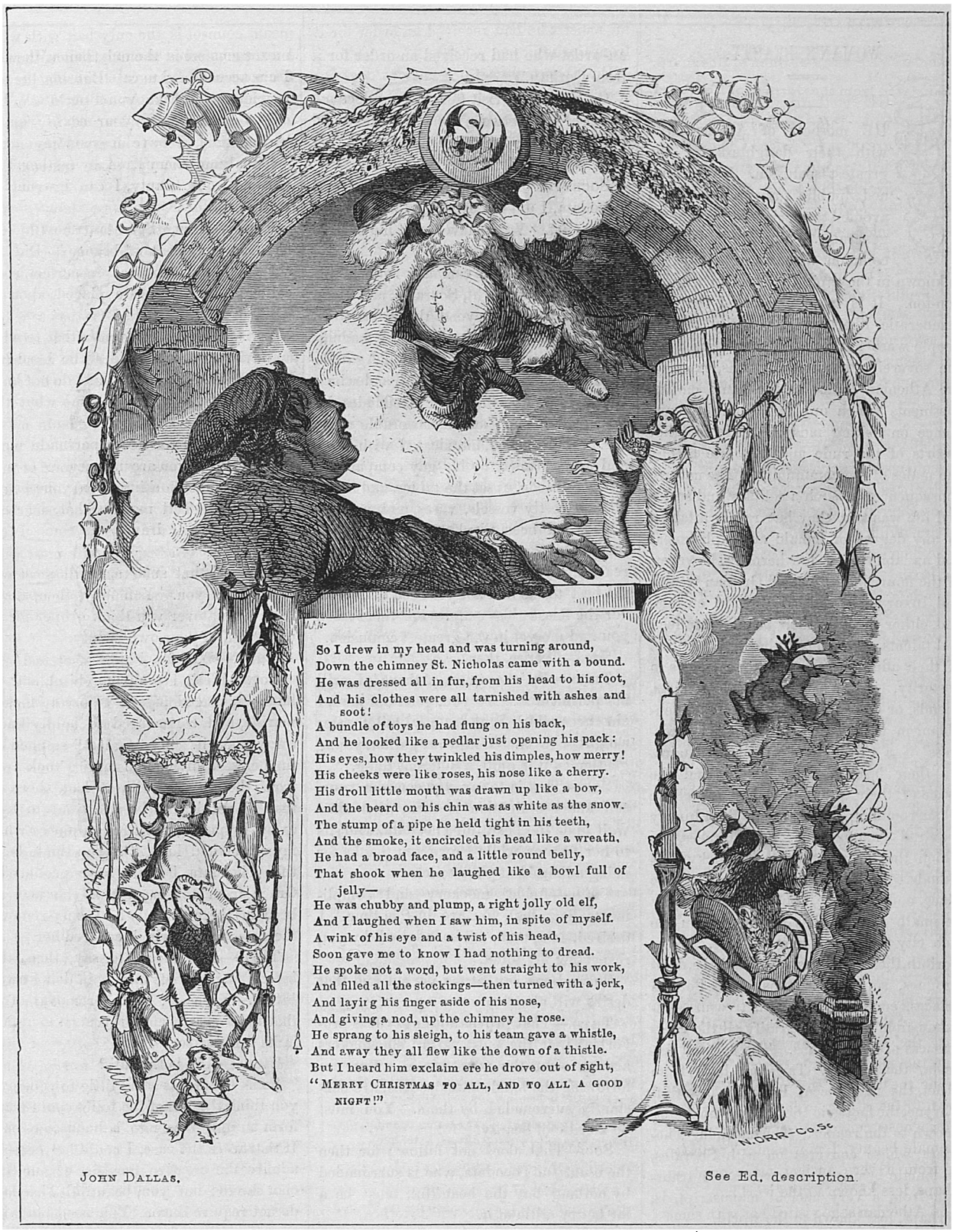

'Twas the night before Christmas, when, all through
the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced thro' their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out in the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whispered and shouted and called them by
name:
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen;
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder, on Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top, the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
Dallas-del.

From Original Designs by the late

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.


So I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot!
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack:
His eyes, how they twinkled his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly—
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And layir g his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT!"
N.ORR-Co.Sc

JOHN DALLAS.

See Ed. description

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.